SONNER #2: CORAL JASMINE SONNET
by Andrew “Change” Huang

the brush from a glow coral jasmine touch
holds me warmly with an embracing rush!
she lulls me in her arms and—oh, delight—
my distilled dreams of her are full and lush!
midnight prunes my heart with a comely light—
her whisper sounding like a gale night:
“*why haste, poet? you are mine until dawn.*
morning can wait; the sun is out of sight.”

now comes a quiver of her quiet yawns—
without a warmth for me to carry on!
as rays expose a dreamer's blinking eyes,
her hold from yesterday embrace is gone.
she does not wait; she leaves the petals dry—
then morning comes in orange color dye.